



BUTTERFLIES,  
AND  
MOTHS.

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# A FAIRY TALE.

“A fairy passing through a garden,” says my child’s story-book, “plucked a blossom from the sweet-pea, and threw it sportively into the air; and the fairy bid it fly and feed itself on the nectar of other flowers. And so it did. And behold! the seed that would have formed in the calyx of the plant, formed in the body of the flying flower. But this seed, this egg, would not take root in the soil; from it there crept a living moving stem, that grew moving on the face of the earth. And behold this stem became a bud or chrysalis, and from the bud came forth again the flying blossom. Seed, stem, bud, blossom, are thus far ever put forth in succession by our living flower.”

Stunborough Park, W. P. B.



*The Great Tiger Moth. Natural size.*

*Watford, England. June. 1914*

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*CURRENT MOTH.*

*WATFORD, HERTS.*



Butterfly from ———

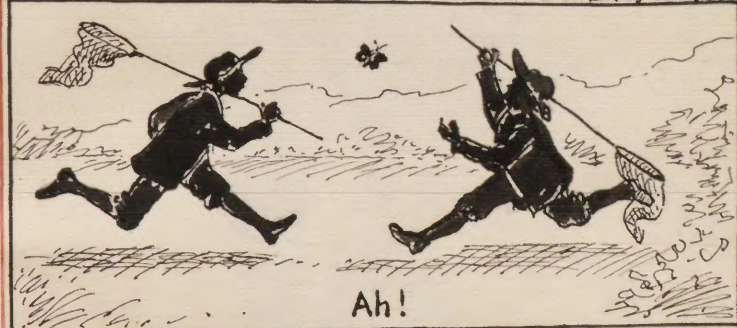
Kanchrapara, India.

June 1914.

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Natural size.







*Holly or Azure Blue.*

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ARCHIPPUS BUTTERFLY  
Natural size.

Caught on board a Ship at  
Buenos Ayres, Argentine.



*The Ocellated Sphinx Moth.*  
*Natural Size.*

*British.*  
*Feeds on the Willow Tree.*





Butterfly from

Kanchrapara, India.  
Natural size.



Butterfly from Kanchrapara, India.

Natural size

The Bedford Blue.



Smallest English Butterfly.



What is the World to them,  
Its pomp, its pleasure, and its nonsense all!



*The Peacock Butterfly. Natural Size*  
*Watford, Herts.*



*Small Tortoiseshell Butterfly.*  
*Watford, Herts.*

The helpless crawling caterpillar trace,  
 From the first period of his reptile race;  
 Clothed in dishonour on the leafy spray,  
 Unseen, he wears his silent hours away;  
 Till satiate grown of all that life supplies,  
 Self-taught, the voluntary martyr dies.  
 Deep under earth his darkling course he bends,  
 And to the tomb a willing guest descends;  
 There, long secluded in his lonely cell,  
 Forgets the sun, and bids the world farewell.  
 O'er the wide waste the wintry tempests reign,  
 And driving snows usurp the frozen plain;  
 In vain the tempest beats, the whirlwind blows,  
 No storms can violate his grave's repose;  
 But when revolving months have won their way,  
 When smile the woods, and when the zephyrs play,  
 When laughs the virid world in summer's bloom,  
 He bursts, and flies triumphant from the tomb!  
 And, while his new-born beauties he displays,  
 With conscious joy his altered form surveys.  
 Mark, while he moves amid the sunny beam,  
 O'er his soft wings the varying lustre gleam,  
 Launched into air, on purple plumes he soars,  
 Gay Nature's face with wanton glance explores;  
 Proud of his various beauties, wings his way,  
 And spoils the fairest flowers, himself more fair than they,  
 And deems weak Man the future promise vain, & they,  
 When worms can die, and glorious rise again.

ANON.



RESURGAM.





LARGE GARDEN WHITE.  
WATFORD. HERTS.